

LOWELLIAN



1917







THE LOWELLIAN



1917

Published By the Senior Class of
LOWELL HIGH SCHOOL
Lowell, Indiana

To
Laura Ann Pike
We, the Class of nineteen seventeen, respectfully
dedicate this "Lowellian"

Lowellian



1917

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1917



Lowell High School

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Editorial

This book is the result of many enjoyable hours of work and planning on the part of the staff. We wish to thank all those who have helped in any way to make this annual a success. We have done our best with a spirit of—"Malice toward none and charity toward all." We, however, hope that it will help to promote a better school spirit, for it has represented the best efforts of the Seniors.



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PROF. A. T. ELLIOTT

Agriculture, Botany, Chemistry, Commercial Arithmetic



IRENE A. McLEAN

English, Latin, History.



LAURA A. PIKE

Mathematics.



GEO. B. CLAYTON

Manual Training, Physical Geography, Physics, Physiology.

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RUBY B. STEELE
English, Public Speaking.



MRS. FLORENCE THOMAS
Music, Drawing.

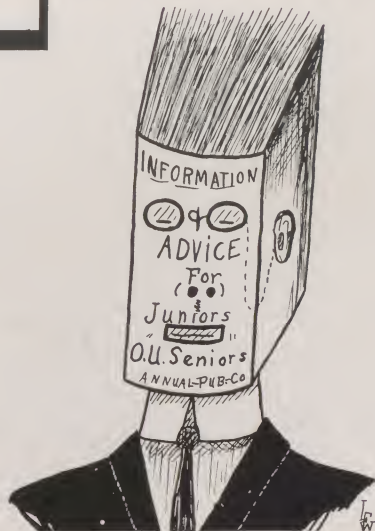


MARION A. DILLEY
Domestic Economy



GRACE N. HENDRICKS
German, History.

SENIORS.



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MAX L. RAGON

Class President (4), Vice President (3), President of Athletic Association (4), Advertising Manager "Lowellian," Class Play, Laurean Society.

Oh! call it by a better name
For friendship sounds too cold.

DELLA C. WAGIN

Glee Club, Class Secretary (4), Class Play, Declamatory Contest, Basket Ball (3, 4), Laurean Society.

She puts her worries down in
the bottom of her heart, sits
on the lid, and smiles.

HARRIETT L. CLARK

Class Treasurer (4), Glee Club, Laurean Society, Sodalitas Latina.

Her nature is too modest for
this world.

RUBIE HAYHURST

Class Vice President (4), Glee Club, Basket Ball (3, 4), Class Play, Laurean Society, Sodalitas Latina.

Gee, but I like to be sarcastic.

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BETHEL HASKELL

Assistant Editor "Lowellian," Basket Ball (3, 4), Laurean Society, Class Play, Der Deutsche Verein.

While she shuts the gates on one wooer, another knocks at the door.

ELIZABETH MILLER

Laurean Society.

What will be, will be, whether I will or not, so why exert myself?

VERNE T. LLOYD

Laurean Society, Art Editor "Lowellian," Class Play, Glee Club (2).

I'm as sharp as a tack, therefore do not sit on me.

VIOLET M. HOEVET

Class Treasurer (2), Literary Editor "Lowellian," Basket Ball (3, 4), Class Play, Laurean Society, Der Deutsche Verein, Sodalitas Latina.

She talks—Ye Gods, how she talks.

NATALIE TRUMP

Laurean Society.

Knowledge! She only sought.



MAE BELLE T.
FEELEY

Laurean Society.

A modest blush she wears
not formed by art.

NELLIE M. BROOKS

Glee Club, Laurean Society,
Sodalitas Latina.

Oh, I have a great many un-
expected thoughts!

FLOYD T. VINNEDGE

Laurean Society, Sodalitas
Latina.

There surely must be some
good, hard work in him, for
none ever came out.

LUCILE E. MILLER

Laurean Society.

Through life 'tis true I have
not toiled.

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ELSIE L. McCONNELL

Class Vice President (2),
Class Secretary (3), Calendar
Editor "Lowellian,"
Basket Ball (3, 4), Class
Play, Der Deutsche Verein,
Sodalitas Latina.

Love is like the measles, we
all have to go through it.

CLAYTON C. DAVIS

Basket Ball (2, 3), Class
Play, Laurean Society, Glee
Club (2).

Here's to the love that lies in
a woman's eyes and lies and
lies and LIES!

MILTON E. MCKAY

Class President (2, 3), Business
Manager "Lowellian,"
Basket Ball (4), Track
Squad (4), Class Play, Glee
Club (2), Laurean Society,
Sodalitas Latina.

There lies a great deal of
deviltry beneath that calm
exterior.

THELMA I. HILL

Class Treasurer (3), Editor-in-Chief "Lowellian,"
Laurean Society, Der
Deutsche Verein, Sodalitas
Latina, Class Play.

The men don't appeal to me
at all.

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HILDA L. DAHL

Glee Club (4), Class Play, Laurean Society, Class Historian.

How can I love men when they are so simple.

DILWYN D. NICHOLS

Laurean Society.

One of the few who really believe that lessons were assigned to be studied.

LILLIAN M. GODDARD

Laurean Society, Declamatory Contest.

I know a lot but can't think of it.

SETH S. LITTLE

Athletic Editor "Lowellian," Basket Ball (2, 3, 4), Laurean Society, Track Squad (3, 4).

Boys, take a chance—Columbus did.

VERA M. BESS

Class Play, Laurean Society.

Strong and determined both in mind and in tongue.

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ETTIE A. LEE

Laurean Society.

Her smiles are worth two bits apiece by reason of their rareness.

EDWARD R. MINNINGER

Glee Club (2).

Like all true sportsmen—you hear little about him—from himself.

LUCILE L. BROWNELL

Secretary (2), Organization Editor "Lowellian," Class Play, Glee Club, Basket Ball (3, 4), Laurean Society, Sodallitas Latina.

Lucile fulfills the regulations for a dignified Senior—at most.

HERBERT T. KORTH

Laurean Society, Der Deutsche Verein, Track Squad (4).

He would stop St. Peter's roll call to ask a question.

Senior History

It seems like a dream, that nearly five years have come and gone since thirty-one of us gathered together in Mars and planned our trip to the Earth.

With the aid of guides, chaperones and fast flying airships, we reached the Earth without a single mishap to hinder our progress.

Anxious to obtain as much knowledge of the new land as possible during our stay, we decided to enter some Institution of Learning, and thus it was that in the fall of 1913 we dawned upon the horizon of the Lowell High School and entered as Freshmen. There for four years we have sat daily at the feet of some of the world's best teachers, receiving knowledge.

Our Freshmen and Sophomore years passed rapidly. We entered the Junior year with the inspiration of a new High School building with new equipment. We will let the class of '16 sing the praises of the banquet which we gave them at the close of the year. Our class is proud of the honors which some of the members have received in the school contests during those three years.

Our Senior year is now nearly over. One trait of our character is especially being developed this year for we have sat with, and cared for the mischievous infants of the school who bear the name of Sophomores. (They were intrusted to us by the faculty.) Besides the development of the trait, we are grow-

ing wiser each day and there is no doubt in our minds at least but that we have about absorbed all the wisdom from our learned faculty. It is said that at one of their meetings held in the office recently, they conceded that the "class from Mars" is the most brilliant one the Lowell High School has ever known.

For our spotless record of Deportment which we leave with the school we are indebted to our early training in Mars. If at times we felt within us a desire to wander from that teaching, that desire was immediately detected by the watchful Elsie McConnell and Violet Hoevet or Milton McKay and Verne Lloyd who kept an eye on us lest we cause any disturbance in the assembly or displease the faculty.

Soon the class of '17 will have passed away and we shall behold the Earth no more. With the thought of graduation comes the thought of our departure for Mars. We feel keenly within us the call of our native land.

Ere we leave, Oh Lowell High School,

One last toast we'll give to you;

It'll be "Lowell High School forever

To you we'll always be true."

Our native land afar doth call us,

But our hearts we leave with thee,

And we'll always drink to your '17 Faculty

And the times that "ust ter be" HILDA DAHL.

The Reincarnation of Class '17

It seems I spent years sleeping, feeling in a way that the seasons were coming and going, knowing best when the warm sunshine wrapped me in a blanket of warmth, to sleep and sleep on until I should reach the stage of awakening. In a whisper it came to me, "Awake, thou art the spirit of the class of nineteen-seventeen." Vaguely, at first I understood, then I knew and remembered—the fire—the terror—then oblivion.

But now, such a new and strange world and so beautiful. Just like fairyland. Beneath me I could see the great rolling clouds. I wondered at this for under my feet was a carpet of gold. I reached down to touch it and found it nothing. Just the transparent nothingness of color. I tried to feel my own hand, that too was like the carpet of gold. A nothingness of color. I tried to move, the impulse was followed strangely. Light as air I floated and in this way all things were done. Then came sound. The beauty of it was almost appalling; I floated to it. Upon a tree of gold was perched a bird. A bird of Paradise. "Nellie," I whispered, for I was scarcely able to speak, "is it you?" And indeed it was our sweet whistler, Nellie Brooks.

"Listen," she said, don't you hear?"

Too surprised to answer, I waited.

From what seemed to be a brook of the purest silver that

laughed just for pure joy, there arose a water-nymph and with her came the laughter too. It was Della Wagin. In her unusual provoking way, she turned and addressed something in the water, "No Milton McKay you cannot come out. A fish you are and must always be. 'But see,' Max is luckier than you; he being a mud-turtle with four legs can go almost anywhere."

"Aren't there any angels here?" I asked.

Almost at once one came. It was Lillian Goddard. Beautiful, but for an angel she looked troubled.

"Won't you see what is hanging to my shirt," she said. I looked and it was Verne Lloyd.

"Where is Rubie Hayhurst and Lucile Brownell?" I asked.

"Why don't you know," Lillian answered, they are fire-flies and Ed Minninger keeps them busy lighting his pipe."

A strange and beautiful world it was. There were animals too, I saw one lonely goat. In sympathy I tried to touch him.

"Oh, never mind," he said, "a goat's a goat now and always." And I know it was Seth Little.

I saw them spinning from a mist of gold, weaving joy and love, just as always—Elsie McConnell and Violet Hoevet. Then

“Seniors”

Seniors! so dignified and yet jolly,
Some are called Jim and some are called Polly.
Working so hard, all honorable and true,
For everyone is hoping to get thru:
Once they were Freshmen so bashful and green,
Their queer mistakes they hoped would pass unseen.
Then they were silly Sophomores, quite too bold,
Wishing all power in their big hands to hold.
But when they changed from Sophs to Juniors gay,
They thought that they had better change their way;
And so they worked and Seniors all became,
Their lives are now glorified with fame.
And thru' the future years of their great life
They all will bear the honor of that strife.

—DELLA WAGIN '17

another came with threads of truth to be added to the things worth while. It was Thelma Hill.

Still farther I went to the edge of an enchanted wood. A little wood page met me. In red and gold I recognized Floyd Vinnedge. He told me the story of the enchanted wood.

Two owls, Herbert Korth and Dilwyn Nicholas sat outside the window of the beautiful princess, Mabelle Feeley, continually asking "Who?" She loved one of them but not being able to distinguish one from the other in their present state, she was in a great dilemma.

Hastening over a path that seemed strewn with pink pearls on which a touch of sunlight fell, I exclaimed, "What mystery are you?"

"We are the pathway of tears" came the voice of Hilda Dahl.

I came to a great garden with a hedge as green as the brightest emerald. Bethel Haskell was caring for the flowers.

"See," she said, pointing to a dark red rose, "this is Vera Bess, and this tall lily is Elizabeth Miller. Each day they become sweeter and in time they will develop their own personalities and be as good as new."

I thought it quite a wonderful garden. A little toad was hopping about catching bugs among the flowers.

"Be careful, Clayton Davis," Bethel spoke to the toad, "be careful don't hop on the ladies branches."

A humming bird perched itself upon the garden hedge and winked mischievously at me.

"Why, Natalie Trump is that you?" I cried.

With a little flutter it flew about my head and hummed and the tune was so like one of our old high school songs that even the flowers nodded in unison.

Back to the little brook from whence I came, I saw within it the little bodies that I knew contained human minds, yet for some reason they must work out their own reincarnation.

I reached again the golden tree and heard the voices of Lucile Miller, Harriett Clark and Ettie Lee, but I could not see them.

"Where are you girls, I would like so much to see you," I called to them.

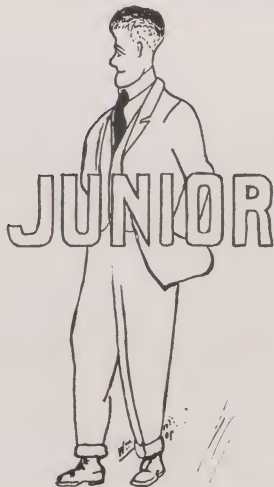
Immediately, the great golden tree glowed and brightened like the sun. When the colors showed transparent I saw them each with the same old smile and I knew they were keeping the tree of life shining.

What a wonderful day!

I, the spirit of the class of 1917, standing beneath the tree of life, had solved the problem of the ages. It was this—

"As ye give so shall ye receive."

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Junior Class Roll

Lyle Trump
 Fred Minninger
 Ernest Bahr
 John Bruce
 Wade Maxwell
 Herman Schutz
 Harold Brownell
 Glenn Surprise
 Wilfrid Weaver
 Lloyd McVey
 Virgil Scritchfield
 Ramona Strickland
 Gladys Buckley
 Ernestine Belshaw
 Imogene Strickland
 Velva Moxell
 Ruby Surprise

Rosa Buckley
 Hermenia Kimmet
 Lola Burton
 Mildred Surprise
 Ruth Berg
 Vessie Mahler
 Alice Nelson
 Irene Barber
 Bertha Stuppy
 Mildred Foster
 Ruth Sanders
 Vivian Rumsey
 Harriet Parsons
 Fern Tanner
 Ruby Mitch
 Bessie Stuppy
 Rosalind Feddler

A B C's of the Junior Class

- A** is for All of the Juniors fine
The class that makes the longest line.
- B** is for Berg, Burton, Brownell, and Baker,
Also for Bruce, Belshaw, and Barber;
These are seven of our very good B's,
But there are still Bahr and the Buckleys, you see.
Each is a good student in his special way,
They'll make the Juniors famous some day.
- C** is for Chester, a compatriot,
For English he surely cares not.
- D** is for Dalliers, we have none,
- E** is for Erma, she's full of fun.
- F** is for Feddler, noted for math.,
Charms and curly hair she hath.
- G** means gallant, that's Glenn Surprise,
He makes you open wide your eyes.
- H** is for Herman, you must know him,
He is the fellow that's tall and slim.
Hermenia and Hepp are two happy girls,
One is dark, the other has light curls.
- Imogene was a very dear Freshman lass
My! she has grown to be a lady fast.
- Jolly is the next Junior trio,

- It sure sounds like girls, but no!
We have three handsome boys instead,
Kenneth, otherwise Chubby, Klein, and Fred.
As all 'round sports and athletes,
In school you'll hardly find them beat.
- Lloyd, Lyle, and Miss Little are shining lights
That guide the class thru' darkest nights.
- M** is for Mahler; Vessie's her name,
At playing the piano, she'll earn fame.
- N** is for Nobility, which applies to all.
- O** is for Obiedence to the teacher's calls.
- P** is for piano which Velva plays,
Also for Stanley who near Gladys stays.
- Q** is the quality of Cecil's work,
It's only now and then that he shirks.
- R** means the Rubies, gems of the class,
Ramona and Ruth Sanders never "sass."
- S** is for the Stuppys and Mildred Surprise,
In all of their studies they are wise.
- T** stands for thoroughness of Tanner and Thompson;
If you find better girls you'll "go some."
- U** is the usefulness of the entire class,
Without them school couldn't "last."

V is the vivacity of Vivian and Violet,
And Virgil has never met his equal yet.

Weaver and Wheeler complete the list,
I can't think of anyone I've missed.

X stands for those who were but are not

Casting theirs in with our lot.

Y is for the years we've been her in school.

Z is for zeal our foremost tool.

And heres to the joy of each lad and lass,
In the nineteen hundred and eighteen class.

—MILDRED FOSTER, '18

The Juniors at Auction

What'll you give? What do I hear? Going-going-gone!
To Dr. G. B. Clayton, these three bottles of most excellent hair tonic. Mr. Clayton, I congratulate you on your purchase; the names of Dilley, Pike and Elliott are connected, dear sir, with this hair tonic. The recommendation speaks for itself.

A pepper-box, my friends, a pepper-box full of the pepperiest pepper of the Harriett Parsons brand. It must be handled with the greatest care, for oh dear! suppose the lid should come off. He who needs pepper let him speak. Sold! to Mabel Thompson.

Who wants a sieve, a sieve for things to go through, never to return? From the Klein-Mahler firm and guaranteed to sift. Miss McLean vouches for it that even Latin verbs have no shape or form after going through this very remarkable utensil. Sold to Harold Brownell because of the recommendation.

A charming copy of "Youths Companion," otherwise known

as Ruth Sanders. Something every boy should have, but only one speak at a time. Oh, don't all crowd so!

Listen, listen, listen, a set of spoons, spoons that have shone and glistened, the spooniest kind of spoons, with the names Feddler, Hendricks, Pike, Thomas, and Stuppy engraved upon them. Please don't all speak at once.

The Gold Dust Twins.—Let the Buckley girls do your work. They are willing and efficient and I'll sell them cheap. Gone! No, only one pair.

Here is a watch, always on time. From the Vivian Rumsey factory, the owner of which, they tell me, is punctuality personified.

See this chattering poll-parrot. Ramona speak for the crowd. Oh, no! she's tired, not shy. Certainly she can sing. Fine company for a lonely man or an old maid. To you, John Bruce, be sure and not teach her anything naughty.

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Let us all sing. I have a delightful Sunday School Hymnal here from the fervent pen of Kenneth Landis. Gone to Irene Barber.

See Friends, Glenn Surprise, the bleating goat; eats anything, does anything, isn't anything, just a plain old goat of the tin-can order, who never will be anything but a goat. Doesn't anybody want him? Boy, express this goat to Miss Steele. She can use him in public speaking.

The Kimmiet and M. Surprise sponge.—What do I hear? I am sure to take all you have and more. Ouch! don't shoot me, shoot that sponge.

What am I offered for this What—not? If not, why not? A

decorative piece of furniture, serving as a waste basket, of the Fern Tanner period. Sold! to Lucile Hepp for a refrigerator.

A nice, fresh, juicy lemon. What am I bid? Ah, my dear young lady, the early bird gets the lemon. My compliments, Miss Mitch.

A fashion-plate of the year 1904. Not a bad thing, by the way, for a household. What am I bid for Violet V. Hayden's fashion plate? Rather antique, but fashions always return. Sold! to Velva Moxell.

Don't crowd! Please pay Miss Baker at the gate on the way out. Don't crowd! !

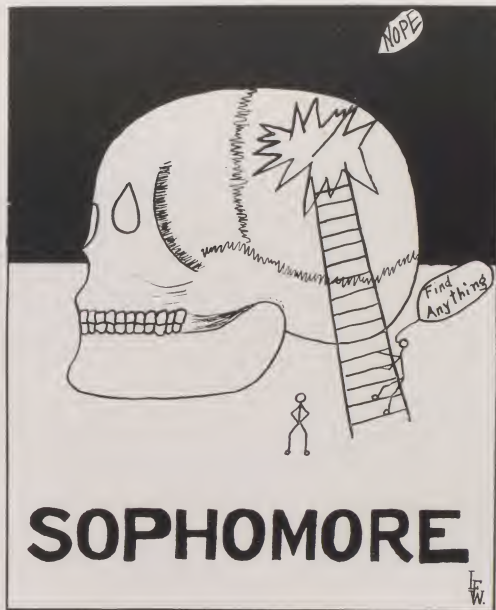
—ERNESTINE BELSHAW, '18

Juniors

Just for fun I'll write this,
I don't suppose I'll get a grade,
U don't care and I don't care
So who should be afraid?
Never put off until tomorrow
What you can do today,
I is the motto of the class
From September until May.
Other classes may be good

But they can't our class exceed,
Right out in front we always are
And say we show some speed.
Juniors you're there I'll say,
Keep progressing every day,
And Seniors, by the last of May,
You may be—
Maybe!

—FRED MIXXINGER, '18





Sophomore Class Roll

Leon Winkler
Ernest Griesel
Dewey Pinkerton
Urvie Hayden
Cecif Minninger
Fay Vandercar
Ivon Ault
Kitchell Hayden
Harold Berg
Donald Campbell
Alvah Fletcher
Milford Bahr
Laura Kimmet
Phebe Tilton
Edith Griesel

Emeline Morey
Cecile Stowell
Irene Tramm
Lillian Thomas
Helen Eilerman
Ruth Nichols
Orral Anderson
Velma Thompson
Alberta Poirot
Vera Smith
Edith Taylor
Madeline Minninger
Nina Haskell
Ruby Nichols

Sophomore Class Poem

To be or not to be a Sophomore that is the question
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slam and jeers of flunking as a freshie,
Or to take arms against all these teachers
And by studying hard, please them. To die, to pass
No more; and by passing to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
That a Freshman is heir to. 'Tis a consummation
To wish to be a Sophomore: To die, to sleep;
To sleep! perhaps to dream; Ah! there's the rub;
For in that sleep at school, what dreams may come
When we have forgotten all this work and toil
To become a Junior; there's the respect
That makes our high-school life so dear,
For who would bear the looks and scorn of teachers
The Junior's wrong, the dignified Seniors air,
The pangs of verdancy, the school's dismay
When by study and hard work
That patient merit of the worthy ones,
Leads him, a Sophomore, on to victory.

—CECIL MINNINGER, '19



Lowellian



Burdette Hayden
 Fremond McCarty
 Lester Phillips
 Rex Frazier
 Milford Hayden
 John Maloy
 Ruth Klug
 Madge Vandercar
 Faye Clark
 Forrest Taylor
 Ruby Hill

Stella Newkirk
 Edna Tanner
 John Davis
 Ina Hayhurst
 Scott Powell
 Sabena Berg
 Harold Love
 Zella Bess
 Harry Rigg
 Hester Little
 Virginia Hamacher

Horace Carter
 Margaret Buckley
 Alta Sutton
 Earl Little
 Emma Poppe
 Florence Corning
 Bessie Scritchfield
 Driscoll Carstens
 Mary Vallee
 Harriett Miller
 Mae Belle Pixley

Madeline Slocomb
 Inice Sisson
 Fern Wood
 Hilda Wille
 Roy Phillips
 Hans Braun
 Gerald Childress
 Bernard McCoy
 Theodore Johnson
 Clifford Tramm

Oh, That Freshmen Class

Great big bunch of Freshmen
Came to L. H. S. to learn,
And to show the other classes
It is now their turn.
The Freshman girls in Domestic Science,
Miss Dilley says, "Can't be beat."
The way they handle cutlery
And make good things to eat.
Mr. Clayton, the manual trainer, says,
"Well I'll be bound,
If that class of Freshman boys
Can't soon build a town."
But when it comes to Latin class,
What fun they all do make,
To hear the Freshmen use the words
The ancients used to speak.
With Algebra, German and English,
The others can't compete,
For when the Freshmen come to the front
The rest will take a back seat.

—RUTH WILLIAMS, '20

Course of Study

FIRST YEAR

English, Algebra, Latin or German, Agricultural Botany, Manual Training, Domestic Science, Music, Drawing, Public Speaking.

SECOND YEAR

English, Algebra, Plane Geometry, Latin or German, Ancient History, Soils and Farm Crops, Manual Training, Music, Domestic Science, Drawing, Public Speaking.

THIRD YEAR

English, Medieval and Modern History, Domestic Science, Latin or German, Plane and Solid Geometry, Animal Husbandry, Music, Drawing, Manual Training, Public Speaking.

FOURTH YEAR

English, American History and Civics, Commercial Arith-

metic, Latin or German, Physics, Animal Husbandry, Music, Drawing, Physical Geography, Physiology, Chemistry, Public Speaking.

STUDIES PRESCRIBED FOR GRADUATION

English, 6 semesters; Algebra, 3 semesters; Plane Geometry, 2 semesters; Latin or German, 4 semesters; American History and Civics, 2 semesters; Science (any year), 4 semesters; Commercial Arithmetic, 1 semester; Elective Subjects, 10 semesters; Music or Drawing, 2 semesters.

Thirty-two credits or sixteen units are required of each pupil for graduation from the above course. A credit represents the work based upon ninety recitations of forty minutes each. A unit represents the work based upon one hundred eighty recitations of forty minutes each. A forty-minute recitation period is equivalent to eighty minutes of laboratory work.



The athletic association was organized during the first week of school.

Through the constant efforts of Mr. Elliott and Mr. Clayton, the high school has kept up in two sports—track and basketball; and although they have not always been winners they feel well repaid for their efforts. When ever athletics die out the high school will begin to decline. Realizing this, each member of the school and faculty has exerted great efforts to continue in basketball and track.

In basket ball they did not have great success, but the members of the team are to be congratulated for the spirit which

they showed throughout the season. Although losing many games they kept "plugging" and won the respect of every team in the county for the clean games they put up. Next year Lowell may expect to be a winner, for only one regular is lost to the team through graduation.

In track Lowell is coming. More interest is being shown this year, in this line of sport than in any previous year. Last year they took second and third in the mile and expect to win many points this year. Those who will compose the squad are—McKay, S. Little, Minninger, Vandercar, Brownell, Bahr, Frasier, E. Little and Korth.





CECIL MINNINGER

"JUGGY"

Captain. Forward. A good scrappy player, whose pep is necessary to make a good team. Started the season at guard but was later shifted to forward. Juggy has two more years to play.



HAROLD LOVE

"MOOTS"

Center. Handicapped at center by much weight, "Moots" nevertheless was some jumper. He has three more years to play and undoubtedly will become a star.



ERNEST BAHR

"NUB"

Guard. Nub's weight was of much help to him in the county games. He is a good shot and will be a power next year. One more year to play.



URVIE HAYDEN
"HAYDEN"

Forward. Started the season at center, but was shifted to forward. Hayden was especially effective against the town team. Two more years to play.



MILTON McKAY
"MICK"

Guard. First and last year on team. Started at forward and finished the season at guard.



SETH LITTLE
"DOC"

Sub. guard. Always reliable. A hard worker and a "sticker." Also known as "Kitty." Last year on team.



EARL LITTLE

Sub. forward. Another one of the Littles. He is a comer and will be there next year. Three more years to play.

Inter-Class Basket Ball



Left to Right—Vinnedge, sub. center; Davis, center; McKay, forward; Ragon, forward; Nichols, sub. guard; Little, guard; Korth, Guard.

Great interest was shown in the inter-class basket ball games this year. The attendance of all the games was large, the receipts being a great help to the struggling athletic association.

Medopesters picked the Sophomores for first honors and the Seniors for second. But contrary to all, the Seniors finished first, the Sophomores and Juniors tied for second and the Freshmen last. The Seniors, altho' they did not show up so well on paper, played consistent basket ball and by close guarding and fighting won.

Score of Games:

Seniors	25
Freshmen	10
Seniors	18
Juniors	10
Sophomores	28
Freshmen	18
Seniors	41
Sophomores	13
Juniors	39
Freshmen	37

Standing	won	lost	Pct.
Seniors	3	0	1.000
Juniors	1	1	.500
Sophomores	1	1	.500
Freshmen	0	3	.000

Lowellian

MISCELL-ANEOUS



1917

Organizations

THE VESTAL VIRGINS' CLUB

In November of the year 1916, the members of the Cicero class of the Lowell High School organized a Latin Club and gave it the name of "The Vestal Virgins' Club" as there were only girls in the Club. At the first meeting, officers were elected and rules established. The club consists of eight students and Miss McLean, the director. Two meetings were held and Latin programs given by the club members; Latin games were played and refreshments served. The club is an enjoyable one and not unprofitable to the members.

—MILDRED FOSTER, '18

SOPHOCLES LITERARY SOCIETY

The Literary Society of the class of '18 made its first appearance in the Sophomore year, with Kenneth Landis as its president, Ruth Berg, his vice, and Ernestine Belshaw, secretary. A constitution was adopted and the society was given the name "Sophocles," under which name it was recognized this year.

The purpose of the organization is two-fold, to enable the students to feel at ease when addressing an audience and to endeavor to lay special emphasis on literary genius and public speaking. The program consists of musical numbers, original stories, readings and extemporaneous speeches. The members of the class are required to respond in furnishing some number at least once a month. This gives each one the benefit of the society.

—ERNESTINE BELSHAW.

THE EXCELSIOR SOCIETY

The Excelsior Society was organized by the members of the second year English class, September 26, 1916. The officers elected were president, vice-president, secretary and chairman of the program committee. The elected motto was "Literature makes a very bad crutch but a good walking stick." Regular meetings are held during the class period on Tuesday of every other week. The programs, consisting of music, drama, readings, mock trials, and debates have not only been a recreation, but also very beneficial and instructive.

—LAURA KIMMET.

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

The Girls' Glee Club was organized the first of the year with a large membership. The officers elected were: President, Lucile Brownell; Secretary, Harriett Clark. They have met every Friday morning since their organization. Mrs. Thomas, the instructor, has certainly been faithful and worked with them to the best of her ability.

The girls gave successful concerts March 29th, and have sung for Parents' and Teachers' Club, Literary Societies, and public entertainments. Glee Club work is very beneficial in developing musical talent of the high-school students and the girls feel that they have enjoyed the work immensely.

—LUCILE BROWNELL, '17



Mrs. Florence Thomas, Instructor; Georgia Baker, Gladys Buckley, Emeline Morey, Ruth Berg, Hilda Dahl, Velva Moxell, Lucile Brownell, Hermenia Kimmet, Rubie Hayhurst, Ramona Strickland, Della Wagin, Nellie Brooks, Harriett Clark, Vivian Rumsey, Phebe Tilton, Laura Kimmet, Violet Hayden.

Oratory

The High School has realized greater success this year in its course of oratory work than in previous years. In part this is probably due to the organization of a class in Public Speaking, at the beginning of the term, also to the efforts of the faithful instructress, Miss Steele. By her well-directed aims she has shown that she is thoroughly interested in the work and the success of the students and we trust that she has understood our ap-

preciation. The individual efforts of the students show a keen desire on their part to do the very best that is in their power. Although a slight spirit of rivalry always prevails at such events, it may easily be termed as another means by which the student is urged to the utmost to bring out the **best that** is in him.

—ELSIE McCONNELL.

List of Contestants

Oratory

Virgil Scritchfield	Mercy That Condemns
Harry Wheeler	War and Public Opinion
Ivon Ault	A Plea for Cuba
Harold Berg	What The Flag Means
Glenn Surprise	The Supposed Speech of James Otis

Declamation

Zella Bess	The Death Disc
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Lillian Goddard	Mary's Night Ride
Veva Smith	The Arena Scene from Quo Vadis
MacBelle Pixley	Going to the White Swan
Laura Kimmet	A Voice from a Far Country
Hermenia Kimmet	His Stepmother
Mildred Foster	Billy Brad
Ruby Mitch	The Canyon Flower
Della Wagin	The Lie

Cupid at Vassar

Senior Class Play

Cast of Characters

Wanda	Lucile Brownell	Miss Page	Hilda Dahl
Kate	Vera Bess	Sally Webb ..	Bethel Haskell
Mrs. Carroll..	Elsie McConnell	Matty Hart	Thelma Hill
Hank Gubbin...	Clayton Davis	Alice Worth	Della Wagin
Shiny	Verne Lloyd	Polly Snow	Violet Hoewet
Amos North ..	Milton McKay	Helen Conway	
John Willet	Max Ragon	Rubic Hayhurst

Synopsis

Act I opens in the sitting-room of an old New England farm house where Kate Newton and her half-sister, Wanda Carroll are preparing to go to Vassar College. John Willett, a young architect, is in love with Kate and asks to see her alone on the evening before her departure. He is suddenly called to New York and when he goes to bid Kate good-bye, she is not at home. He leaves a note for her with Wanda who is also in love with John. Acting upon a hint dropped by Amos North, a young

banker who loves Kate, Wanda destroys the note and allows Kate to believe John went away with a young lady. Out of wounded pride, Kate decides to marry Amos.

Neither Kate nor Wanda are happy at College. Wanda dislikes College life and Kate's future life with Amos North always rises before her. Amos visits the college and Kate promises to marry him. John arrives but Kate will not listen to his explanations. After John leaves, Amos attempts to kiss Kate and she breaks the engagement.

During Christmas vacation, Mrs. Carroll informs Kate of the loss of her money through Amos North's trickery. John returns envelopes to Mrs. Carroll which will regain her money. Amos, with Wanda's aid, steals those which will expose his guilt.

Graduation day at Vassar! Mrs. Carroll, Shiny, her colored servant, and Hank, the hired man, go to Vassar. Wanda and Amos announce their engagement. Meanwhile John and Kate have met and explanations are made which end in their engagement.

BETHEL HASKELL.

Alma Mater

1 Come and join in song together,
 Shout with might and main.
 Our beloved Alma Mater,
 Sounds her praise again.

2 Seniors, Juniors, Sophs and Freshman,
 All together we,
 Hail the Chorus loud and glorious,
 Ever faithful be.

3 Honor to the black and crimson,
 Banner that we love.
 It shall lead us in the conflict
 And our triumph prove.

4 Here's to her whose name we'll ever,
 Cherish in our song.
 Honor, Love and true devotion,
 All to her belong.

Chorus:

 Gloria frangipana,
 E'er to her stand by.
 She's the pride of three creek townships,
 Hail to Lowell High





\$50,000 Improvements on the Lowell High School

There passed away, on the seventh of January, nineteen hundred fifty, the aged superintendent of the Lowell High School. Mr. Elliott, leaving \$50,000 in care of me for the improvement of said school. His late students are much grieved over the loss sustained by his departure to the spirit world, but looked with great joy on his remembrance of the Old Lowell High where he reigned for so many years. I was much surprised, to hear of the great trust which he had placed upon me, an old student of his, and have decided on several things which would greatly improve that school, among which were the following:

First the assembly needs several **very** important improvements. The seats should be equipped with periscopes so the students can keep the teachers in line of vision all the time. This is essential if one wishes to whisper without being caught. The seats should be placed on an endless chain running over rollers, so the students could be on the move all the time. This would keep them from getting tired of one position.

There should be a large bedroom off to one side where each student could take short naps whenever he gets tired. This would save the annoyance of having students snoring in the assembly. The next improvement is very important. There should be an electric piano which would play soft melodies each period. These would inspire the students to work when he

wasn't listening to the music. The aforementioned improvements would cost about ten thousand dollars.

Second, the Botany room should have electrically controlled window sashes, so the teacher, who is rather short, can put them up without using a ruler to unhook the latches. There should be an electric phonograph in this room as well as all the others, to give short recitations occasionally, when the students forget their assignments. To go with the phonograph there should be dictaphone so the student could prepare the topics which he was going to forget, before class. Then it would be a good plan to have a Botany room large enough for the whole class, for when they have to take it in the Mathematics room, the thoughts, which pervade the atmosphere from the mathematics class, make the students become confused at time. The cost of labor saving alterations and devices would be about ten thousand dollars.

Third, there is the English or Latin room, which needs a whole new outfit. There should be a good teacher's desk fitted with bottles of stimulants, for the prospective orators when he gets cold feet, also a decent time piece for the teachers. Each chair should be fitted with a head rest, a foot rest, and a rest for each arm. On the legs rubber tired rollers should be placed so the students can get to the place in the room which suits him best. Off to one side a good sized room should be constructed,

Lowellian

so that if the students get in a dispute over where their chairs should be placed, they can fight it out. Of course there should be heavy weight boxing gloves so the students won't put each other in a condition for the undertaker. Now as some students must converse occasionally, there should be a sufficient number of wireless telephones placed in a small closet in the rear of the room, so each student may get one at the beginning of the class, and use it as needed. One other item which I neglected to mention before was a twenty-four ounce kicking bag which should be placed under the desk for the teacher to kick when she gets angry at the students. The cost of these furnishings would be about twenty thousand dollars.

Fourth, I think each side of the building should be fitted with the perspiration preventive called the lightning deliverer. This is a very recently invented machine made by running the cables over pulleys. On these are placed chairs made of slats, at a dis-

tance of four feet apart. These chairs have foot rests so the persons may be comfortable who is being delivered from the first landing to the second or third. This machine is run by electric motors and the maximum speed is such that if the students all wished to go direct to the top floor or vice versa, it would take thirty seconds. In case of fire this would be a great life-saver. The cost of this wonderful invention is ten thousand dollars.

I believe with these improvements the people of the three Creek Townships would have the best equipped building in the world. The students would have every desirable comfort and convenience, with the least probability of work. If they would wish for anything better they could look at the stone engraving to be placed on the outside of the building. Then they would despair of finding anything better for the legend will proclaim truthfully "The Lowell District High School, the Best Equipped Building for Education in the World." —LYLE TRUMP, '18

A Senior's Musing

Unmirthful blues go! Leave me e'en this soon;
Thou taketh all the joy out of my life,
And maketh Physics but a fractional strife:
O leave me lest I learn thy mournful tune.
I loose my heart to thee,—a sordid boon,
Thy notes cut my whole soul like a knife,
Yes—more sad than the notes of horn and fife:

Thou causeth English class to be my ruin.
Thou helpst me not.—O blues, I'd rather be
A tiny kink in Gabriel's horn,
Than have my mood fore'er o'er hung by thee;
For as this kind, I'd have less cause to mourn.
Alas! I never really had the blues,
The thought of the future shook me in my shoes.

—MILTON McKAY, '17

Pessimistic Sophie

Thirty-four Sophies on a dead man's chest,
Yo heave ho, and a bottle o'ink!
Books and study had done for the rest,
Yo heave ho, and a bottle o' ink!
They studied and studied and got so smart,
Yo heave ho, and a bottle o' ink!
And each from the rhetoric took a part,
Yo heave ho, and a bottle o' ink!
They studied and studied it thru and thru,
Yo heave ho, and a bottle o' ink!
When up came the teacher with looks so blue,
Yo heave ho, and a bottle o' ink!

Oh men may rant and men may rave,
Or walk from Bronx to the Palisade,
View the high-schools of the land,
Study every Senior band;
But I'll vow and vow most true,
That they'll all come back to you;
Give you glory, honor, fame,

And mistress Teacher had a little red book,
Yo heave ho, and a bottle o' ink!
This little book was the cause of the look,
Yo heave ho, and a bottle o' ink!
She winked and blinked like an owl in a tree,
Yo heave ho, and a bottle o' ink!
And grinned with a fiendish kind o' glee,
Yo heave ho, and a bottle o' ink!
So that was the end of the Sophies' crew,
Yo heave ho, and a bottle o' ink!
That came thru the strife with so very few,
Yo heave ho, and a bottle o' ink!

—EARL POWELL, '19

Undergrades will bless your name.
For they do not understand
That this happy Senior band
Were a trial, a plague, a curse,
And when we hated, even worse.
So underclassmen, (this is true)
The pros bid us a glad adieu.

—HENRIETTA BAUGHMAN.

A Biography of the Collar Button

The collar button first came into use when man found, to his great disappointment, that all men were not endowed with a wart on the point now controlled by the well known collar button. I say well known, for from your childhood days you can recall a picture of father on his knees looking for that pesky collar button.

This little button is not to be looked upon altogether with hatred, but with a small share of reverence and dignity. By peeping thru the key-hole of a male's bed room one might see there the man on his knees before the dresser going thru a lengthy ceremony of words not meant to be read in public and made only for a button of the collar family. As you watch him you may think he is worshipping the dresser but No! he soon makes a lunge and then emerges from under the dresser with that pesky button, the cause of all his ceremony and knee sores. At last he is under control. But this is not the end of the little affair, for after the button is placed in its proper nook it must then undergo a severe battle with a collar, and after a few more quotations of the ceremony by the wearer, it is bound to conquer the collar and hold it in its clutches, much to the discomfort of the wearer who is quite well worn out by this time. Now this little beast is not to be left out in the open where the eyes of the world may look upon its mean countenance, but is cov-

ered up by what is known as a tie, where it is left in darkness like a spanked boy in a closet, to think over all the names it has been christened.

This insignificant button is not only looked upon as a deity, but is also recognized as a sagacious rascal. He may be found in the offices of Wall Street or Fifth Avenue drawing rooms. One might even see him playing on the screen opposite Mary Pickford. And by careful observation he can be seen in the midst of a party of ministers, but far be it from me to say that he must undergo any of the aforesaid treatment by any members of this party.

After all the overhauling one might think the collar button is of no use at all. But it is good for one thing. It is good-for-nothing. It actually does give the bashful proposing youth something to clutch at. Just when he begins to perspire under the subdued collar, and doesn't know just where to put his hands, he can at least fumble and play with his collar button. I am sure I know of no other useful purpose it has attained unless it is that it can be used in the pastime of "Hide the Button."

As to its invention I am not certain but I am inclined to believe it was not the output of a sane person, for no such person would introduce all the tortures this little button has caused. But I am certain if a sane man did invent this weapon of tor-

ment he never gave New Year's resolutions a single thought, for this invention has been the cause of many a man breaking a perfectly good New Year's resolution. We need not mention which one.

One source of mystery that still enshrouds this thing is why man finally christened it a collar button. After all the proposed names that they should settle on anything so civilized is beyond me.

For the benefit of the feminine sex we might add that there

are numerous shapes and forms of collar button, the most prominent being the round head. Another source of interest is that before being placed on the market it is veneered with a slippery liquid which allows the button to glide easily from your fingers to its secure nook under the dresser. The collar button is not only worn on the front of the neck but also on the back, to sort of counterbalance the pain. Those wishing further information will find collar button in the dictionary.

—KENNETH LANDIS.

An Appreciation from a Member of the Faculty

To 1917

Your Freshman protean simplicity
Gorged roots—math, Latin and botanical,
Your cynic Sopho' more duplicity
Learned failure for its his mechanical
As Juniors crabbed history, taught you dates,
Tho' less you recked of Bismark's than your own,
Salvation for all worlds, great empire's fates

Your senior notes and themes have clearly shown.
Ye future statesmen!—pshaw, you girl's and boys
Clear-eyed, truth-tongued and unafraid of life,
Keep sweet your brows and lines of mouth in poise,
Keep laughter-winks where wrinkles would be rife.
And if one tenth your promise comes to pass,
You'll be the Banner Champion Senior Class.



Just Passed the Board of Nonsensorship

A Sophomore went to Heaven,
To get his room and bed,
But they sent him back again
For no crown would fit his head.

Freshman Latin Student—"May I be excused—I left all my principle parts at home?"

SENIOR PROPHECY

All the boys went to fight the Germans, and all the girls went as Red Cross nurses. The boys were all killed in a battle, and a bomb was dropped from a Zeppelin and blew all the girls to pieces.

—VERNE LLOYD.

Miss Hendricks—(in History) "We can't continue the lesson while this flirting is going on. Verne, turn this way, there are just as good things to look at in the front of the room."

Verne—(who had been looking at Rubie) "I don't think so."

When the last year in high school has ended,
And the last day has come and we part,
There's one thing we ask you to do boys,

That's to save us a place in your heart.
And long may our paths lead together;
But if fortune ordains that we part,
Remember the days of Lowell High, boys
And save a place in your heart.

—HOEVET and McCONNELL.

Floyd had been bothering Lillian in English class. Lillian went to Miss McLean with the following complaint: "If you can't make Floyd quit bothering me, I'll see Mr. Elliott about it."

Miss McLean: "You seem to like it."

Miss Hendricks—"How do the Gleaner Societies encourage agriculture?"

Milton—"By eating vegetables."

"The biggest fool is the fool that thinks he is not a fool."
Comment: A Sophomore for example.

Oh, has him went?
Oh, has him gone?
Oh, has him left I all alone?

It cannot was!

Why are teachers like carpenters?
They are working on blockheads.

Miss McLean—"King Midas had ears like a donkey."
Bill Weaver—"Democrat wasn't he?"

A Senior sits and dreams all day
Of what he'll do next year,
And if he isn't careful,
He'll sit there next year too.

Just because he yelled "ouch"
Just because she had a grouch,
Our teacher Miss McLean said,
"Tomorrow (Ruby and Fred)
You can't come to class."
Now teacher hear me,
As on my knees I kneel,
If she stuck you with a pin,
Now wouldn't you squeal?

—FRED MINNINGER.

Mr. Elliott—"What could you do if you would inhale some
hydroflouric acid?"

Milton—"You might cough up the salt it formed."

GEOMETRY

Teacher says we all have to write "sumthing" on nothing
(Geometry—anyway thats how I figure it.) But I aint going to
do it. I'm going to write nothing on nothing for nothing.

"Geometry ain't no good for anybody," that's my topic sen-
tence. If it were they wouldn't be teaching it in school, because
school never helps a kid to be what he wants to be. All they
teach it for is simply this, its hard!

It's a good thing that the fellow who invented geometry is
dead. If he wasn't he'd sure get a bunch of knocks from the
school kids, including me. And besides if he were living I know
he would be placed in a "lunatical place for lunaticism." But you
see they didn't know no better them days so they let him ramble
like a twin-two cylinder fliver of today. At that though he isn't
much worse than the educational facilities of today because they
censure his impracticable stone age stuff. (Ain't I rite?)

Geometry I guess is about ten, maybe fifteen years old.
Maybe not. Geometry's first name is plane, his twin brother is
solid. They both are a sort of relation to their cousin Algebra.

Geometry gets you in bad like all the other G's. It makes
you gloomy. Its like a girl, makes you stay up late nights, and
get "g" in your classes as well as when you get home.

Geometry's, great goods for grand, green fellows and gay
girls.

FRED MINNINGER.



THREE YEAR HIGH SCHOOL

1890—Albert Post, Urvie Spindler, Achilles Davis, Ruth Bacon, Etta Clark, Maud Sherard, Lottie Field.

1891—Ruby Bacon, Winnie Deathe, Blanche Dickinson Maud Sanger, Bertha Maxwell, Bessie Purdy.

1892—J. W. Belshaw, Gracia Nichols, Mabel Purdy, Lillie Wood.

1893—Lola Ragon, Ada Sanger, Lucy Smith.

1894—Helen Putman, Charles Warner, Ruie Post.

1895—Alice Ebert, Edith Ebert, Zada Ackerman, Anna Johnson, Daisy Dinwiddie, Ethel Nichols, Mamie Hill, Jessie Hill.

1896—William Davis, Clyde Foster, Mary Bixenman, Dollie Lee, Maud Hoshaw, Pearl Nichols, Mamie Nichols.

FOURTH YEAR HIGH SCHOOL

1897—William Davis.

1898—Goldie Nuckels, Emma Miller, Mae Lawrence, Raymond Nelson, Frank Stuppy, Frank Love, Herbert Michael, Albert Hayden.

1899—Everett Axline, Lucretia Castle, Jessie Deathe, Gretna Norton, Georgia Norton, Bernice Nelson, Calvin Pixley, Morton Northup.

1900—Benjamin Lynch, Harry Sanger, Judson Sanger, Hal Viant, Fred Tillotson.

1901—Ethel Taylor, Byron Elliott, Ethel Spaulding, Zella

Ackerman, Annie Ebert, Stella Foster, Russel Jones, Linton Wood, Lula Spaulding.

1902—Josephine Buckley, Carrie Caster, Blanche Cullum, Edith Craft, Thomas Dickinson, Joseph Ebert, Jessie Fisher, Melvin Griesel, Ned Nelson, Grace Norton, Eric Will, Madeline Driscoll.

1903—Elsie Mae Craft, Neva Deathe, Arthur Foster, Hattie Foster, Susie Gordon, Vera Hill, June Klein, Beulah M. Lawrence, Theresa Myers, Bernie Minninger, Genia Norton, Iva Powell, Charles Surprise, Bert Wood.

1904—Leonard Minninger, Mary Thompson, Edith Spaulding, Olive Bates, Arthur Foster, Ethel Davis, Chas. Foley, Clara Ebert, Ruby Lynch, Lena Hepp, Bessie Love.

1905—Claude Bowlus, Charles Dickinson, John Ebert, Abraham Gershman, Milo Pixley, Harry Wood, Logan Scritchfield, Ralph Trump, Ruth Brownell, Macbelle Carstens, Nellie Castle, Vira Graves, Ethel Griesel, Abbie Hathaway, Mae Minninger, Beulah Plummer, Nellie Rogers, Marguerite Will.

1906—Edith Kenny, Ada Deathe, Ida Deathe, Hannah Caster, Emma Caster, Ethel Sprague, Pearl Mahler, Bessie Bates, Lena Nolan, Ella Palmer, Kenneth Sheets, Ben Bowlus, Clarence Rogers.

1907—Violet Viant, Loa Foster, Maud Smith, Grace Griesel, Carrie Hathaway, Blanchard Kenny, Bell Wason, Boyd Wason,

Mann Spittler, Vernon Hayden, Chas. Ebert, Raymond McCarty, Murray Hayden.

1908—Ethel Hathaway, Harry Hathaway, Elizabeth Berg, Lucinda Hayden, Carrie Bruce, Beulah Deathe, Edith Chipman, Mildred Chipman, Dorothy Vinnedge, Neva Dickinson, Edith Hoshaw, Helen Woodcock, Calla Palmer, Bessie Griffith, Katherine Meiers, Lena Schutz, John Latta, Mildred Alger, Myrtle Stilson, Myrtle Mitch.

1909—Cora Hayden, Merle Westberg, Lela McNay, Dean Mahler, William Purchase, Edgar Metcalf, Forest Pinkerton, Anna Larson, Leota Pinkerton, Mary Ball, Vernal Kelsey, Flora Frye, Marguerite Wagin, Walter Brownell.

1910—Marie Dickinson, Chas. Lambert, Thomas Purchase, Floy Binyon, Russell Dunkleberger, Faith Wason, Milford McNay, Mary Metcalf, George Rudolph.

1911—Earl Bailey, McKinley Deathe, Julia Nelson, Agnes M. Berg, Hilda Bailey, Lilly Ribbentrop, Elta Childress, Kathryn Einspahr, Clara Huebsch, Lilly Schilling, Ida Schilling, Clara Nitsch, Hulda Poppe, Dawn Hatter, Bertha Klein, Anna Einspahr.

1912—Will Surprise, Gladys Brown, Fern Pletcher, Arthur Miller, Hugo Poppe, Rachael Brownell, Ida Foster, Isaac Gersh-

man, Raymond Johnson, Bessie Nelson, Olive Ford.

1913—Evelyn Esty, John Hayden, Clara Kimmet, Ole Klein, Donald Quincy, Mabel Black, Mary Thomas, Lee Childress, Grace Locke, Velma Sheets, Gertrude Cleaver, Alice Black, Harry Petrie, Lester Ebert, Albert Chipman.

1914—Lela Bryant, Roy Pattee, Fern Brannock, Doris Carstens, Ireta Childress, Harvey Dahl, John Deathe, Eleanor Hayhurst, Herbert Lloyd, Lou Mitch, Lotus Metcalf, Walter Miller, Emily Nelson, Mabel Surprise, Blanche Anderson, Lucy Vallee, Marguerite Simpson, Camilla Weaver, Clara Einspahr.

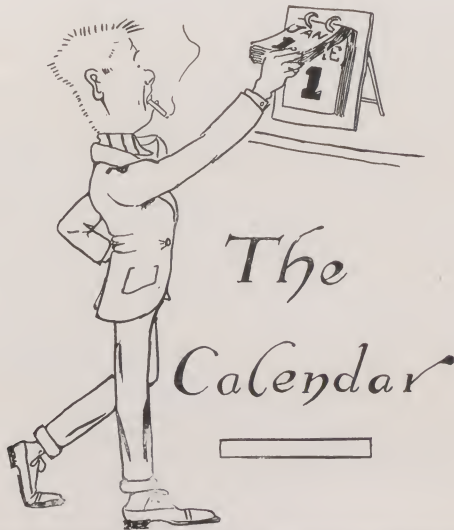
1915—Joseph Little, Hal Weaver, George Hayden, Glen Pletcher, Lucile Dorris, Fern Hayden, Floyd Lambert, Fay Hoshaw, Lila Schmal, Cecil Minninger, Henry Poppe, Garnette Foster, Neva Tanner.

1916—Leo Kimmet, Harold Griesel, Grace Hathaway, Edith Stenerson, Floy Newkirk, Dewey Childress, Ada Newkirk, Gladys Tilton, Elmer Childress, Zelma Anderson, Merna Bess, Clark Brownell, Alice Love, Bertha Bess, Fay Haskell, Nada Wood, Ethel Nelson, Adam Dorsch, Agnes Nelson, Irene Buckley, George Stuppy, Kathryn Metcalf, Lola Mallatt, Gilbert Pattee, Mabel Bruce.

Lowellian



1917



Sept. 4—School life renewed—we come, we sign, we go.

Sept. 5—Driscoll falls out of his seat.

Sept. 7—Thirteen unlucky Seniors get their names on the department board and receive a lecture from Mr. Elliott.

Sept. 8—Permanent seats assigned. Dissatisfaction prevails.

Sept. 14—Freshmen seem to be coming down. Forrest Taylor falls in assembly.

I would like to be a Freshman,

Just a minute so to see

If I look as wise to them

As they look green to me.

Sept. 20—Work! for exams are coming.

Sept. 25—Mr. Clayton wears a "broad" smile. The paper announces the birth of a son.

Sept. 27—Mr. Clayton seems cross—he must have walked the floor last night.

Sept. 28—At last! We are granted permission to publish an Annual.

Sept. 29—Mrs. Gridley gives bird calls. Students practice them also.

Oct. 5—Report cards given out. We learn our fate.

Oct. 6—Annual Staff elected.

Oct. 9—Hans—(to a Senior) Say how much is the Annual a month?

Oct. 11—Miss Hendricks—What about the eight hour law? Max—Last summer they passed a law to stop the strike in

the summer so that the men could strike in the winter.

Oct. 12—Mr. Clayton—When it's time for dismissal be sure to kick all your scraps of paper under the desk so we can't see them.

Oct. 13—Ed hopes to improve his looks by parting his hair in the middle.

Oct. 17—Gladys, Cecil and Faye remain after school to pick up the paper around their desks.

Oct. 18—Ed attempts to make a speech in English class. He is applauded greatly.

Oct. 20—Great excitement—first snow storm of the season.

Oct. 25—Dismissed for vacation—What a relief!

Oct. 30—Back again. The teachers think vacation is not good for us.

Oct. 31—Seth entertains the Seniors at a Hallowe'en party. We certainly had a glorious time.

Nov. 1—Herbert watching the girls, gets excited and runs the Reo into the ditch.

Nov. 3—Freshman party. The Freshies appeared exceptionally well in society.

Nov. 4—Junior party. Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Brown among the guests. The Seniors have to admit that the Juniors know how to entertain.

Nov. 6—Miss Hendricks—What would happen if Mr. Hughes would be killed?

Clayton—He'd die.

- Nov. 7—Straw vote taken. Wilson 44; Hughes 102.
- Nov. 8—The high school defeat the Alumni. They say, "Never mind, we will get you yet."
- Nov. 10—L. H. S. plays at Hebron. Score 42 to 12, in favor of us. B. B. team must be champions.
- Nov. 13—They that flunk on Monday, have Sunday night to blame.
- Nov. 14—They that flunk on Tuesday, Often use the same.
- Nov. 17—Miss Pike discovers a new kind of figure, the "trolygon." We always knew she was a star.
- Nov. 22—Violet's behavior is improving so rapidly that Miss Hendricks fears she cannot remain with us in History III.
- Nov. 24—Sophomore party. Some of the upper classmen hang on the outskirts.
- Nov. 27—Unusual disturbance in assembly. We do not wait to be dismissed by the assembly teacher and——.
- Nov. 28—the next night we pay the penalty. Mr. Elliott holds the assembly to study for fifteen minutes and says that is an easy sentence. Only three boys find it easy.
- Dec. 4—Joe Little won the five mile cross-country race for Purdue. Driscoll—How far was the race? (Talk about bright Freshmen.)
- Dec. 5—Rubie says that one hand of hydrogen will hold three hands of nitrogen if they are all held in one hand.
- Dec. 8—"Murder Will Out," presented before the assembly.

Yell practice—Enter Mr. Clayton—he shows his talent as pianist.

- Dec. 11—Parent-teacher's Club celebrate Centennial. The Little's of long ago are represented. Ed's shoes attract no little attention—we think they belong to Stone Ages.
- Dec. 12—A commotion in Physical Geography class—Rubie tumbles off her chair. Herman also loses his balance.
- Dec. 13—Mr. Clayton makes use of the term; "Beat it to the assembly." Who are the victims?
- Dec. 18—Early to bed and early to rise, Makes Seniors rested, yet weary—but wise.
- Dec. 19—Ernest Bahr almost hurt the stairs by falling on them.
- Dec. 20—Mouse in assembly. Miss Hendricks hurries to the other side of the room.
- Dec. 22—Dismissed for Christmas vacation. "Merry Christmas," Thanks, same to you."
- Dec. 23—The school is in mourning, on account of the death of Mr. Collins, one of the trustees.
- Jan. 2—Back again! Oh you New Year's Resolution—how long will they live?
- Jan. 3—Thelma declares that she certainly is not going to elope with any Senior.
- Jan. 4—"Doc" looks for a wooden cork in the Chemistry room.
- Jan. 5—Max informs Miss Hendricks that a Republican president wasn't elected because he didn't get enough votes.

Lowellian

Jan. 8—Once again a Freshman falls. Evidently Faye don't wear "non-skid" shoes.

Jan. 11-12—Semester examinations.

Commenced on Thursday,

Continued on Friday,

Graded on Saturday,

Finished on Sunday,

Notified on Monday,

Regretted—hereafter.

Jan. 16—Floyd wonders why adding machines aren't used in Commercial Arithmetic classes.

Jan. 17—Senior Class Meeting. Milton suggests a marigold as class flower.

Jan. 18—The girls practice basket ball and Mr. Elliott receives a box of candy. That's all right, Miss McLean, we came anyway.

Jan. 19—The telephone is gaining popularity. Mr. Elliott spends all his spare time there.

Jan. 22—Annual Staff meeting. They agree to disagree.

Jan. 23—Mr. Heighway visits classes. Students sit up and take notice.

Jan. 25—Blank.

Jan. 26—Miss Pike—Multiply these problems by long division.

Jan. 29—Registration blanks passed out and we write autobiographies thereon.

Jan. 31—Eight girls have the carache at noon and are granted a vacation.

Feb. 1—Harry W. says "his wife" is not to be envied.

Feb. 2—Indiana goes dry. We rejoice that it doesn't mean sulphur water.

Feb. 5—Miss Hendricks predicts that within six months Clayton will be mighty glad to see a woman.

Feb. 6—The "pink-eye" makes the rounds. Mr. Clayton does not appear at school.

Feb. 8—"Doc" blushes—Thelma sits with him for a whole period.

Feb. 9—Chlorine is made in the Chemistry lab—all turn green.

Feb. 12—Northwest corner of the assembly is blue—Verne loses his temper and makes use of some Sunday-School (?) words.

Feb. 13—Civics class "cuss and discuss" matrimony. Miss Hendricks urges the Seniors to marry young.

Feb. 14—Cupid passes another milestone. Miss Pike and Mr. Clayton both return to celebrate his birthday—vacation ends.

Feb. 16—We beat Whiting—almost.

Feb. 19—Cuckoo! Nothin' doin'!

Feb. 20—Ditto.

Feb. 22—George's birthday. "Doc's" Ford burns. Some of the Seniors shed real tears.

Feb. 26—A rush on the green caps, Freshmen and Seniors alike.

Lowellian

Feb. 27—Beth informs us that those who went down on the Laconia were men who had fought in the American Revolution.

Mar. 1—Great day! Senior class pins distributed.

Mar. 2—Miss Dilley wears dark glasses. The green caps go to Hammond.

Mar. 5—Freshmen, Sophomores and Juniors line up for their pictures.

Mar. 7—Negro farce and box social given by athletic association.

Mar. 8—Clayton discloses the fact that there would be fewer old maids and bachelors if women were allowed to vote, since the polls would be a mutual meeting place.

Mar. 9—Green caps and others go to Valparaiso.

Mar. 12—Dilwyn and Alta play "wink."

Mar. 13—Annual Staff next in order to watch for the birdie in the camera.

Mar. 14—"Doc" takes the "Staff Annual" for a ride.

Mar. 15—Milton discovers a new way of proposing and tries it on Della thus: "Lets engage ourselves so they can put it in the Annual."

Mar. 16—Max gets the gout and walks with a cane. Seniors win the inter-class championship.

Mar. 19—Miss McLean "cans" her English class when they go to class with their lesson unprepared.

Mar. 21—"Doc" goes to sleep in Physics class and dreams of the angels.

Mar. 23—Thelma parts her hair in the middle.

Mar. 26—Virgil realizes that fences are tougher than chins.

Mar. 30—Many are the vacant seats in the assembly. (See Apr. 2)

Apr. 2—The boys are "doing time" to pay for Friday's folly.

Apr. 3—Vera B. wears a diamond on her left hand.

Apr. 4—"Doc" eats pins.

Apr. 6—Arne looks as if he had the chicken pox.

Apr. 9—Quiet day. Unusual happening.

Apr. 10—Final rush to finish the Annual.

Apr. 11—Annual starts to the printers.

Apr. 13—Boys' Preliminary Oratorical contest.

Apr. 16—Girls' Preliminary Declamation Contest.

Apr. 20—County Oratorical Contest at Gary.

Apr. 21—Junior Circus. We may get to help eat the receipts.

Apr. 28—The Juniors banquet the Seniors. (?)

May 4—Seniors play—"Cupid at Vassar."

May 8—Faculty entertains Seniors.

May 12—County Track Meet at Hammond.

May 13—Baccalaureate sermon.

May 16-17—Final exams.

May 17—Senior Wake.

May 18—Commencement.



HERE'S TO
you—

WHOSE ACTIONS HAVE
MERITED THESE ROASTS:
AND TO THE WHOLE WORLD, FOR
FEAR SOME FOOL WILL TAKE OFFENCE
BECAUSE YEE'S LEFT OUT.

Smile undt de vorldt
shmls mit you, YES!
VEEP undt you VEEP
BY YOURSELF ALONE.

BARNICK

JOKES

Lowellian

Miss Hendricks—"What caused the rapid growth of the cities of Indiana?"

Lucile B.—"The people settling here, wasn't it?"

Driscoll C.—"I am so bright my mother calls me son. (sun)"

Miss Hendricks—"They had J. Brown hung."

Floyd V.—"No they had him shot."

Milton—"No, it said they had him condemned."

Miss Pike—"What is the base of a figure."

Violet Hayden—"The side upon which it rests."

Miss P.—"Yes, but there is an upper and lower base and it can't rest on both sides at once."

Violet—"Let it rest on one side awhile and then on the other."

Say Miss Steele, I wish I could write

A poem like "Paul Revere."

But I am only a Sophomore

And not very good you see,

I never could write a theme,

I always get G's or E's.

So you see I should worry or I should fret,

But I never intend to, or never have yet.

—URVIE HAYDEN.

Miss McLean—(talking of imagination) "Its a power that can be seen with the minds eye."

Fred—"Then it can smell with the minds nose, can't it?"

Milton—"That would be called nasal imagination."

Miss Steele—"What's the difference between a comedy and a tragedy?"

Junior—"In a tragedy they all get killed and in a comedy they get married."

Miss S.—"That might be a tragedy too."

Alta Sutton went to the library and asked the librarian for "Acrobats at the Breakfast Table."

Names up for deportment

"No pass"—oh, so faint

Makes the naughty whisperers

Look as if they ain't.

Why Not?

Miss Pike: (in Geometry) "Letter the two triangles A B C, D E F."

Irene B.—"Can't I letter them D I L, W Y N."

Miss Hendricks—"Was ist dick?"

Orral—(Carstens).

Lowellian

How Singular

Miss Pike—"Floyd are you making that noise?"

Floyd—"No, ma'am, I'm not."

Miss Pike—"Well, somebody is doing something some place."

Where You Would Find Them If a Telegram Came

Kenneth Landis—Zartman and Beckman Garage.

Mr. Clayton—Sanger's restaurant.

Mr. Elliott—Scratchfield's drug store.

Max Ragon—At Elsie's. (Sunday night)

Annual Staff—in the "staff room."

Alvah Pletcher—in his car.

Beth Haskell—at the depot (Saturday afternoon).

Ina Hayhurst—with Dewey.

Miss McLean—no place in particular.

Lillian Goddard—before the hall mirror.

Miss Dilley—out walking.

Fay V.—getting a pass.

Dilwyn Nichols—at the "Barbers." (Irene's).

Beth—"I just can't get Magnetism and Electricity through my head."

Mr. Clayton—"I don't want it to go through your head, just let it go in, that is far enough."

Mr. Elliott—"Nitroglycerin will explode if you just touch it with a lead pencil."

Milton—"Will it explode if you touch it with a fountain pen?"

Miss McLean—"I'll read to you about the Friars."

Ed—"About chickens?"

Heard in the Chemistry Lab

Hilda who had been working with acid in the chemistry lab, came running to Mr. Elliott. Holding her hands over her eyes she screamed.

"Oh, I can't see."

Mr. E. "What's the matter, did you get acid in your eyes?"

Hilda—"I can't see, I can't see."

Mr. E. "Well, I can't do anything for you until I know why you can't see."

Hilda—"Got my eyes shut!"

Mr. Clayton—"What would happen if there was more than 50 or 60 per cent water vapor in the air?"

Clayton—"The air would become moldy."

The Saddest Words

From Mr. Clayton—"No pass."

Lowellian



From a teacher—"you flunked."

From the Advertisers—"We can't take any ad."

From Central—"Lines busy."

Mr. Elliott—"The following may see me in the office."

From Miss Pike—"I can't give you an Algebra grade."

Mr. Clayton—"That is right if I didn't make some mistake."

Milton—"Impossible.."

Lives of Seniors all remind us,
We can also follow them,
And departing leave behind us
Ponies for the Latin men.

Extract from Beth's Diary

Saturday A. M.—Nick's coming this afternoon.

Saturday 5 P. M.—Nick came.

Saturday 7:30—Nick and I go to the movies.

Saturday 10.30—Nick has just left.

Sunday 9:30—Nick and I go to Sunday school.

Sunday 2 P. M.—We go for a walk.

Sunday 6 P. M.—Nick eats supper with me.

Sunday 7:30—We go to church.

Sunday 11:00—Nick says good-night. He is going home on the early morning train. I've had a glorious time.

Miss Hendricks—(Current Events) "Who were sailors on the American schooner which was sunk by German submarine."
Bethel—"Men who fought in Revolution."

Mr. Clayton—(in Physics) "Why is a round-bottomed flask used for boiling water?"
Seth—"So it won't go busted."

What People Will Say When The Annual Comes Out

Juniors: "Just wait until our Annual comes out next year. We'll beat this one all to smash."

"Say, these are the stalest jokes I ever read."

"I wish I hadn't bought an Annual."

High School Girl: "This Annual isn't as good as I thought it would be. It only has four pictures in it of me."

"I don't see many jokes in here about me."

Mr. Elliott: "Oh yes, this is a pretty good Annual."

A Knocker: "Why do people let those High School kids waste their time and other peoples' money in getting out such a silly, senseless thing as an Annual."

Everybody in general: "It isn't as large or as good as I thought it would be."

Miss Hendricks—"Who are those not in war."

Milton—"Japs, Chinese and Eskimos."

Lowellian

Milton—"How could the course of the Gulf Stream be changed?"

Mr. Clayton—"Well, I've never figured on doing it myself, but _____."

Our Ideas of What They're For

Mr. Clayton—To issue passes.

Mr. Elliott—To "pussy-foot" around the halls.

Miss Steele—To write notices on the board and promenade the lower hall at noon.

Miss Pike—To teach us to multiply by long division.

Miss Dilley—To encourage matrimony by teaching the girls to cook.

Mrs. Thomas—To discover that some people have voices like crows.

Miss McLean—To take the names of poor unsuspecting students.

Miss Hendricks—To tell us that she is conducting Civics class.

Mr. Collins—To take full control of the school.

Miss Hendricks—"Everyone should raise a garden this summer because in the warring countries little children are starving to death."

Student—"How is that?"

Miss H.—"On account of the lack of eggs and milk."

We Wonder

How Elsie would look in a back seat?

How Miss McLean would look not taking names?

How the Freshmen would look if they didn't look so green?

How Mr. Elliott would look with the mumps?

How the Stuppy Twins would look if they didn't look alike?

How Mr. Clayton would look if he had to get a pass?

How Violet Hoevet would look at work?

How Madeline Minninger would look eating watermelon?

How Emma Poppe would look dancing the tango?

How Ina would look without Dewey?

When I see the shining letter "S,"

That recalls, sober also sweat,

But more than that; can I forget

That bunch of Sophies? No you bet!

Of course sweat is what we need,

And in the end will sure succeed.

Then our banner, that true device

Will float with us, all thru our life.

—PHEBE TILTON

Evading the Question

Boy—"Were you ever kissed by a boy?"

Girl—"Not once." (Very ambiguous).

Lowellian

English Teacher—"Show how the word plenty is used incorrectly."

Senior—"I have plenty of money." That's incorrect.

Anxiety at An End

"Very well," she said, "if you are afraid to ask father for me we will consider our engagement to be broken."

"Thank you," he replied, "I was afraid you might be disagreeable about it."

Little pencil shavings
A thousand notes or more—
How the janitor will cuss
When he sweeps this floor!

Freshie—(seeing a dog meandering down Summer boulevard on three legs) "That's an arithmetical dog isn't it?"

Innocent Bystander—"What yuh mean?"

Freshman—"Why when he walks he puts down three and carries one."

Not Worthy of a Title, But—

Girl—"I can't get this plaguey problem. Oh, dear! (Pause) Oh, dear! !"

Boy—"Aw, I heard you the first time!"

"Gee, I had an awful fright last night."

"Yes, I saw you with her."

Miss Hendricks—"Was ist das gegenteil von Hell?"

Fred—"Heaven."

ENGLISH IV

English IV is such a bore,
We'll study it forever more.
Keats, Kingsley, Eliot, Carlyle,
All try our souls to beguile.
Curse them, hate them, love them,
It makes no difference to them,
For they're dead, their bones are dust,
But to study them we must.
So with a smile we always study,
In the book of dear old Moody,
Till we learn their maledictions,
Trials, sorrows, and afflictions.

—LYLE TRUMP.

B-r-r!

1st Boy—"Did you have a good time with your girl last night?"

2nd—"Naw, She gave me the thirty-second degree."

1st—"What's that?" (Quick bite, eh?)

2nd—"A freeze-out."

Lowellian

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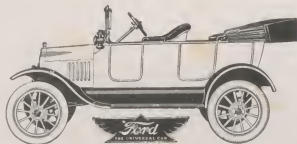
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